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ANTI-SLAVERY INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1840.

NUMBER 5.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.



fore, thus saith the Lord God: hecause ye are e dross, behold therefore I will gather you in the will gather you, and blow upon you in the fire of and ye shall be melted in the midst thereof."—

th all that bars His glorious way,

the rock of principle, we steed the rock of principle, we steed to on of the slave will yet arrive.

TRUTH TELLER.

* The Rev. T. F. Abbott, a Baptist min

The accounts from British Guiana are very ch singular contrast with the fallscious—we mailfully false—statements which have abused ar in England.

From the Liberator.

Ont readers have not forgotten the meetin overlopople in New York, which for fit is overlopople in New York, which Mr. Garris just before his departure for England, nor of which was offered to that meeting and skerwar by the mover. Mr. Garrison, it will be recolly justed that it would be disagreeable to him ared in the same resolution with Mesors. Birm on, and that he presumed that they would for the control of the c

Omce of the American Anti-Stavery Seclety All orders for publications, and all letters in relation to business department of the Standard, should be address of the Standard should be addressed for publication in the Standard should be astributed to the "Editor of the National Auti-Slavery Sted," 143 Nassau-street, N. Y.

Office of the American Anti-Slavery Southy, 140 Nasaus Mobiley Control, 140 Nasaus Subscribers to the Emancaptor.

Those individual who subscribed for the Emancaptor, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the Organization of Publishing Agent their preference for this, and their perference for the American American Society for the Control of the Control o

Travelling Agents.

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Charles Strains, Mass. P. O. Springfield.

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MARRIED,

DIED,

At the residence of his father, in St. Albans, y evening, 3d July, Mr. George S. Swirz the 24th year of his age, son of the Hon. Ben

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Counties.	Pop. in 1830.	Pop. in 1837.	Valuation in 1830
Barostable,	28,525	31,109	\$3,500,000
Berkshire,	37,825	39,101	6,774,648
Bristol.	49,474	58,152	11,346,916
Pokes.	3,518	3,785	534,166
Caser.	82,887	93,689	24,335,935
ranklin.	29,344	28,655	5,452,300
lampden,	31,640	33,627	6,548,342
lampshire,	30,210	30,413	5,603,255
fiddlesex.	77,960	98,565	21,182,609
Vantucket.	7,202	9,048	3,895,288
vorfolk.	41,901	50,399	10,229,111
lymonth,	42.993	46,253	7,576,932
Suffolk,	62,182	81,984	80,244,261
Worcester,	84,365	96,551	21,166,659
Cotal.	610,014	701,331	\$208,360,407

or of Thunder and Lightning," is the

contam, makes than highly nutritions; the tops are almost excellent folder in the autumn when great fail.

Number of Numpers Philiphical to the Whotl—A German paper says, in Spain, when see I to surrepayers—In Pottugal II. In Switzerland 26, its flequing 10, it Australia St. In Klumis and Polshel & In Miller St. In Contrast to the Contrast of the C

apring rise and again destroy your fruit-pea Fodder.—No fodder is said to be bette cows in winter. The peas are sown in drills anart—ploughed when six inches high, the dry

POETRY.

Alton,-or the Doomed City A LAMENT.

A LAMBET.

A wail from the city of blood!

A voice from the grave of the martys,

Is cometh o'er mountain and wood,

It moamesh the good man's departure

Where rolls Mississippi along,

The hard of the doormed city strung

His harp to a sonowful song,

As he wandered its ruins among.

And sad be the numbers that flow.

II.

We were one day the pride of the Wee

We joyed that our name was in story
our sires far away thought us blest,

As they heard of our fast rising glory.

But woe for our fair city them,
A sorrowful-day came upon us:
We in wrath slew the noblest of men
And indelible shame it hatty our us
Alse! we shed imnoemb blood,
And the day of our glory went ow
And now are we stricken of God—
Smote down by the wrath of Jehox

The wild grass grows rank in our streets,
And the wretches unpitied by death,
In the hearth-stone, the howling wolf me
While the serpent is coiling beneath.

The buzzard is seen where we tread,
The forest birds start not with fear,
The cagle is wheeling o'er head,
And the bat and the screech-owl are here.

viii.
The traveller looks back as he goes,
Where the blood of the marty; was split;
Then heaveth a sigh, for he knows,
The horrible tale of our guilt.

IX.

We mourn for the deed we have done,
But alss! we mourn unforgiven;
Our day of repentance is gone,
We're deserted by man and by Heaven.

The wave of oblivion rolls on,

It hath swept o'er the place where we stood A moment and we shall be gone,

The last of the Cirry or Bloon.

* S *

A Last Wish.

When breath and sense have left this clay,
In you damp vault, oh! lay me not!
But kindly bear my bones away
To some lone, green, and sunny spot:
Where few shall be the feet that tread
With peeliess haste upon my grave:

With reckless haste upon my grave: And gently o'er my last, still bed To whispering winds the grass shall wave

The wild flowers too, I loved so well,
Shall blow and breathe their sweetness there
And all around my grave shall tell,
"She felt that nature's face was fair."

And those that come because they lov'd
The mouldering frame that lies below,
Shall find their anguish half removed,
While that sweet spot shall soothe their

The notes of happy birds alone Shall there disturb the silent air: And when the cheerful sun goes down His beams shall linger longest there

The Sunbeam.

MRS. HEHANS.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall, A poy thou art, and a wealth to all! A bearer of hope unto land and sea— Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee

Thou art walking the billows, and occur a miles
Thou hast touched with glory bis thousand isles
Thou hast lif up the ships, and the feathery four
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades, Thou art streaming on through their green areade And the quivering leaves that bare caught thy gl Like fire-fires glanco to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour la Folding their heights in its dark array; Thou brokest forth—and the mist becar A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt she spot;
But a glezm of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright ape

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art, Flushing the waste like the rose's heart; And thou scornest not, from thy pomp to shed a tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy wa And its pillars from twilight flash forth to-day, And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old, Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold:

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave, Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave, Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer, Oh! what is like the
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,—
The faith, touching all things with hues o

t savage drinks not with the vietim heart he means to plunge the sword

Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's ey rops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth; and he that works me good with unmov'd face oeas it but baff: he chils me while be aids— fy benefactor, not my brother-man!

let even this—this cold beneficence:

"raise, praise it, O my soul! off as thou serving tribe,

"No sigh for west-holdness, yet shin the wi knise jame and the soult of the serving tribe,

"No sigh for west-holdness, yet shin the wi knise ji is some delicious solitude

Their sholfyil loves and dainty sympathics; is

therefore go, and join, head, heart and have

their soul firm, hefty the bloodies their and firm, hefty the bloodies their and firm, hefty the bloodies of their soul firm, of the should be sould be s

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

The matter of the William Leave, a happly respectable with the William Leave, and the William Lea

The Auld Grey Mare—An honest farmer of Danfries was often scolded by his wife for sizy. Danfries was often scolded by his wife for sizy. In the state of the score of the state of the score of the score of the scale of the s

In the Report of John Quincy Adams on the Smithsonian Bequest, occurs the following ele-quent passage describing the beauty and submitty of the scenes of Astronomy; services of Astron

Bes, a colored make much mitary as years of suggestions to the Aring Common and some expectify clinical tas as a suggestion to the Aring Common and such as the properties of the State of

Rome, and only a finite, and it is a diagrace to evilized man. The description your sake and it is visited to the control of t

Extraordinary Memory of Malibran.—Madame Malibran had a most extraordinary power of memory. I have known her study an opera in the morning, and play io it the same evening. She had only to try over the music ones, and help know it perfectly. One day, when we were visiting Chevalier Neukomm, Marit took up a mass of his composition which was lyiog on the tuble. She sang it throughout, and accompanied herself without making a single mistake, although it was her in the space of the case of the companied herself without making a single mistake, although it was her in the space of exceedingly difficult in the case of the companied herself without making a single mistake, although it was her in the space. The case of the ca

Progress of Truth.—The few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error, but once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims, and thus, what the sage's life was spent in acquiring, becomes the acquisition of a moment to posterity.—The Discounci.

Things Lost Foretr.—Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry—the wrend or properties of the course of t